

Thou wor'st that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.

*Arc.* That was a very good one, and that day  
I well remember, you outdid me Cosen,  
I never saw such valour: when you chargd  
Vpon the left wing of the Enemie,  
I spurd hard to come up, and under me  
I had a right good horse.

*Pal.* You had indeede  
A bright Bay I remember.

*Arc.* Yes but all  
Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me,  
Nor could my wishes reach you; yet a little  
I did by imitation.

*Pal.* More by vertue,  
You are modest Cosen.

*Arc.* When I saw you charge first,  
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder  
Breake from the Troope.

*Pal.* But still before that flew  
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,  
Is not this peece too dreight?

*Arc.* No, no, tis well.

*Pal.* I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,  
A bruise would be dishonour.

*Arc.* Now I am perfect.

*Pal.* Stand off then.

*Arc.* Take my Sword, I hold it better.

*Pal.* I thanke ye: No, keepe it, your life lyes on it,  
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,  
For all my hopes: My Cause and honour guard me.

*Arc.* And me my love: \* Is there ought else to say?

*Pal.* This onely, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son,  
And that blood we desire to shed is mutuell,  
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword  
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me  
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be  
A place prepar'd for those that sleepe in honour,  
I wish his wearie soule, that falls may win it:

They bow se.  
verall wayes;  
then advance  
and stand.

Fight

Fight bravely Cosen, give me thy noble hand.

*Arc.* Here *Palamon*: This hand shall never more  
Come neare thee with such friendship.

*Pal.* I commend thee.

*Arc.* If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,  
For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.  
Once more farewell my Cosen,

*Pal.* Farewell *Arcite*.

Fight.

Hornes within: they stand.

*Arc.* Loc Cosen, loe, our Folly has undon us.

*Pal.* Why?

*Arc.* This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,  
If we be found, we are wretched, O retire  
For honours sake, and safely presently  
Into your Bush agen; Sir we shall finde  
Too many howres to dye in, gentle Cosen:  
If you be seene you perisha instantly  
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveale me,  
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorne us,  
And say we had a noble difference,  
But base disposers of it.

*Pal.* No, no, Cosen

I will no more be hidden, nor put off  
This great adventure to a second Tryall  
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,  
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy selfe  
Vpon thy present guard.

*Arc.* You are not mad?

*Pal.* Or I will make th'advantage of this howre  
Mine owne, and what to come shall threaten me,  
I feare lesse then my fortune: know weake Cosen  
I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury  
Thee, and all crosses else.

*Arc.* Then come, what can come  
Thou shalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well  
Die, as discourse, or sleepe: Onely this feares me,  
The law will have the honour of our ends.  
Have at thy life.

H 2

*Pal.*